

## Children's Department.

### "THE WORLD FROM GRANDMOTHER'S WINDOW."

"There, it is done at last!"

Grandmother shook out the bright, braided rug that was to add a touch of luxury to an invalid's room, and laid it in the window seat where the admiring eyes of the family could rest upon it.

"It is pretty, and it will be a great comfort to poor Becky," remarked Mary, "but didn't you get dreadfully tired before you were through braiding it? That steady over and under, over and under gets to be so monotonous."

"Why, no, child," answered the kind voice cheerily. "You see, I was just thinking that's what we have to do all the time if we are going to make our lives of any use, and fit them to other lives so that they will run smooth and even. It is over this one's odd ways, and under that one's prejudices, covering quickly over this bit of forgetfulness, and slipping quietly under that streak of selfishness—over and under all the time. It is because people do not understand this that so many lives are all knots and tangels, and so many families, instead of being a happy whole, are all loose ends and rough edges. It is strange what different dispositions come together even in one household, and we none of us have a chance to choose just what lives we will have woven in with our own. We do not all feel alike, nor see things in the same way, and it doesn't do to be always running against the irritable temper because it oughtn't to be irritable, nor arguing against the unreasonable opinion because we are sure that it is unreasonable. There is no peace in that way, and it never makes matters better. We were not put here to make everybody over, but just to weave our days into the best and sweetest pattern we can, and to make the best we can of the other threads that run alongside of ours—over and under crossing out a stain here, and holding up a weak place there. The trouble with most of us is that we want to run straight on in our own way, and have other folks do the winding in and out. But some of these others that we think so troublesome to get along with may not look half so knotty in the Lord's eyes as they do in ours. And I tell you, child, I've lived long enough to see that some of those we call most faulty and cross-grained may fit into their places wonderfully well if only there is love enough to go over and under until things go smooth. Don't you suppose that is what the Bible means when it says: 'As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men?'"

"O, no! I didn't get tired. You see there was the whole thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians—that one about charity—in that rug, and I didn't have time to study out half of it before I had come to the end of my braiding."—*Forward.*

### "THERE SHE BLOWS!"

If you should ever be on board a whaler when that cry sounds from the lookout you will see an excitement that is hardly equaled anywhere in the world. No matter how many times the old sailors have heard it before, every ear is strained to catch the reply to the question, "Where away?" and every eye turns to see the signal.

Then the ship's boats are lowered—if they are not already in the water—and the race and then the flight begin. Sometimes a whaler has boats in several directions at once, all struggling with whales.

Just off the coast of Labrador, a steamer upon which I was sailing, passed very close to a whale boat as it came up to a monster that must have been forty feet long at least. He lay sunning himself upon the surface, his great jaws open wide, under the water, till his mouth was full of jelly fish; then he closed his jaws, straining the water from the fish and sending up two streams in beautiful fountains of spray. He was all ready to begin again as the boat came within a few feet of him.

A sturdy old veteran stood in the prow, with a harpoon raised above his head. Behind him were two sailors, with a great reel between them. A long line was coiled upon the reel, one end of which was attached to a harpoon. The rest of the sailors sat ready to pull away from the enormous tail the moment the harpoon was thrown.

It flew through the air and sank into the glistening side of the whale. For an instant the air was white with foam and the sailors pulled upon the oars with a will. Then all was still but the line as it flew from the reel. A sailor stood beside it with an axe raised to cut the rope if it should become tangled, and the other kept pouring water over the rope, as it shot away, to prevent the friction from setting the boat on fire. All this was because the whale was sinking down, down, down to the very bottom of the ocean.

The shark and the sword fish are the two great enemies of the whale, and instinct has taught him that neither of them can live in the tremendous pressure of water far down below the surface; so the moment he is attacked by them, having no way to defend himself, he sinks down to where they must either die or leave him. He does not know the difference

when he feels the harpoon. That, however, does not leave him easily, and in time he is forced to come up again to where the sailors are waiting for him.

If he only understood the matter better and should swim away in a straight line how easily he could swamp the strongest boat or snap the toughest line. But he does not understand, fortunately, for the sailors and for all of us.—*H. W. F.*

### HALF-WAY HARRY.

Once there was a boy. He had a great many good thoughts in his mind, but they never grew up into actions. As he grew older, the boys called him 'Half-way Harry.'"

"Was—was he a bad boy, Uncle John?" N-o-o. About half-way good. If things were easy, he would rather do right, but very often a fellow needed to be pretty brave, you see, and such times were too much for a boy of that stamp. He couldn't stand up against temptation—went down like a row of paper soldiers when you fire a marble at them."

Harry's face was pretty red, but still he wasn't sure that Uncle John meant anybody. It might be a story out of a book or something.

"One day the other boys planned a Sunday sail together, and they never thought of leaving Harry out till he knew all about it.

"I don't know about that," said Harry. You see he had been well brought up, if he wasn't an out-and-out Christian, and he knew better than to enter into any such path of the wicked.

"You don't know about that?" sneered the other boys angrily.

"Pretty time o' day to tell us now, when you've been let into the whole secret!" growled one or two, doubling their fists up.

"To make a long story short, Harry gave in, as he always did, and didn't break up the sail as he ought to have done. He wouldn't go with them—but he wouldn't stay away either. Promised to go to the little wharf under the willows and see them off and"—

"Uncle John!" cried Harry with cheeks of fire. "How did you know? Where did you hear?"

"Oh, I got to thinking of him, reading over this story about Caleb, who 'wholly followed the Lord.' Harry wasn't that kind."

"Uncle John!" cried Harry again, springing up with clinched fists. "I will be that kind! And I won't go to the wharf to-morrow morning—see if I do!"

And he didn't. He says he means to earn a better name than Half-way Harry.